

A 457
VISION

OR

DIALOGUE,

Between a departed Soul and
the Body.

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A VISION or DIALOGUE,

Between the departed Soul and the
Body.

AS I lay on my bed one night,
A fearful vision did me sore affright,
I thought I saw a soul depart of late,
By it a body in a foul estate.

Waking with tears the soul aloud did cry
Unto the body in a coffin by,
And thus the soul to it did make its moan,
With sobs and cries and many a bitter groan

Where is the train that us'd to wait on
thee ?
Where is thy mirth ? where is thy jollity ?
Where is thy sumptuous buildings and thy
treasure,
Thy pleasant walks in which took pleasure ?

Gone is thy train, thy mirth to mourning
come,

E, Thou art now silent in thy coffin-tomb,
For thy rich cloth thou hast a winding-
sheet,
the Thy high-built roof now thy mouth does
meet.

I know thee well, my soul that from me
fled,
And left me here both lifeless cold and
dead,
Although you think the fault is all on me,
I cry But I will prove the fault does lie on thee.

oan, You, my soul, was fram'd a noble crea-
roan ture,
In likeness to the Lord in ev'ry feature,
But I, thy servant, made of earth and clay,
it on Thine to command, and mine for to obey

lity I O wicked flesh that now art left forlorn
d thy Well may I wish I never had been born,
fure i Thy wife and children whom thou loved
rning Well take no pains to save thee now from
hell,

My command you never did fulfil,
But still resisted and done what was ill.
It is thy pride, thy sloth and lechery.
I greatly fear will damna both you and me

It was in thy power to restrain thy will,
And not let me do those things that are ill,
For God you know created you most fare,
And of celestial knowledge gave you share.

The body of itself is evil grown,
Since you misguided me, the faults your
own,
without the soul, the body lies desert,
Therefore the fault does rest upon thy heart.

O wretched body, who in the time of life,
Was idle, vain, foolish, and full of strife,
With me in reason you would not agree,
For which you evermore will damned be.

You still of me kept the upper hand,
Inthralling me in sinful pleasures, and
Both you and I for ever shall be crown
In hell, when glorious saints in heaven are
around.

The word of God that is both true and
sure,

Witness at large what sinners must endure,

Thou wretched carrion who in the grave is
laid,

Arise and answer to these words I say,

I weep severe being scourged with my own
rod

Being now convicted before the face of
God,

For whilst on earth in sin I have abode,
Which makes me fouler than the loath-
some toad.

False flattering fancy did my mind so
please,

I never thought to die till life did cease,
This was my fall and cursed was my fate,
Of which I now repent alas too late !

I greatly fear an everlasting fire,
One thing more I wish for to enquire,
Have you been yet amongst the flames of
hell,

Is there no hopes that we with Christ may
dwell.

Remember best how Dives was deny'd
When for one drop of water he so pray'd,
Your question senseless body want reason,
Redemption now is hopeless now quite
out of season.

Vile body rot now in thy bed of clay,
Until the great and general judgment-day
Then shall you and I justly be condemn'd,
To hell's hot flames for ever without end,

So fare you well I can no longer stay,
Hark how the Fiends of hell call me away,
The loss of heavenly joys doe grieve me
more,
Than all the torments that I can endure.

O art thou come whom I expected long
I have your place prepared a dungeon
strong,
In scalding flames you must for ever float,
And melted lead pour down your throat,

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Such horrors we do on our Servants
load,

This lake of fire must be your abode,
Ten thousand torments now thou must
abide,

When thou in flaming fire shall be fried.

Thou art a soldier in our camp enrol'd,
Never more shall thou the light behold,
The pains prepared for you no tongue can
tell,

Welcome O welcome to the flames of hell,

At this the frightened soul did weep full
fore,

The Fiends at him did loudly scoff and rear
These Devils seemed more black than
night,

Whose horrid shapes did sorely me affright

Sharp steely forks each in their hands
did bear,

There tusky teeth like cruel tygar's were,
Fire and flames each spirit foamed out,
And from their nostrils snakes did crawl
about,

Black branchy horns on their brows
they wore,

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Their nails were lik the tusks of any boar,
Those Fiends with chains of fire bound the
soul,
And drag'd him off who grievously did
hail.

Straight way appeared in my sight.
A beateous young man, cloath'd all in
white,
Whose face did shine most glorious to be-
hold,
Wings like the rainbow, and his hair like
gold.

With his sweet voice all hail, all hail,
Quoth he arise, and write what thou dost
see,

Heavenly music then did seem to play,
And in clouds he vanished quite away.

Waken then, I took my pen in hand,
To write these things to this young man
did name,

And so abroad into the world I sent,
That each poor christian may repent.
Dear christians fear the Lord both night
and day

Let us humbly fast give alms and pray,
Lord give us strength to run this mortal
race,

That we in heaven may find a resting place

